PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,
BY
RAUCH & COCHRAN,
No. 13, South Queen Street, Lancaster.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

copy, one year,	$1.50
copies, (each name addressed,)	7.00
10 *copies* " "	13.00
15 *copies* " "	18.00
20 *copies* " "	22.00

And $1.10 for each additional subscriber.

FOR CLUBS, IN PACKAGES.

5 *copies, (to one address,)*	$6.50
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JOB PRINTING
Of every description, neatly and promptly executed, at short notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

FATHER ABRAHAM

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nations wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."—A. L.

VOL. II. LANCASTER, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 9, 1869. No. 34.

CASH RATES OF ADVERTISING
IN FATHER ABRAHAM.

Ten lines of Nonpareil constitute a Square.

TIME.	1 Sq.	2 Sq.	3 Sq.	¼ Col.	½ Col.	1 Col.
1 week	$ 75	$1 40	$2 10	$3 50	$6 00	$11 50
2 weeks	1 20	1 80	2 70	4 50	8 00	14 00
3 weeks	1 50	2 20	3 30	6 00	10 00	17 00
1 month	1 75	2 60	3 90	7 00	12 00	20 00
2 months	2 75	4 00	6 00	10 00	20 00	33 50
3 months	4 00	6 00	9 00	15 00	30 00	55 00
6 months	7 00	11 00	16 50	25 00	40 00	70 00
1 year	12 00	20 00	30 00	40 00	60 00	120 00

Executors' Notice	$2 50
Administrators' Notice	2 50
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☞ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING executed with neatness and despatch.

Railroads.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL R. R.

The time of the arrival and departure of the trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad, at Lancaster, has been changed, as follows:

EASTWARD.		WESTWARD.	
Cincin. Ex.	12:07 a. m.	Pittsburg Ex.	1:27 a. m.
Phila. Express	4:02 "	Phila. Exp.	2:20 "
Fast Line	6:35 "	Mail	11:15 "
Lanc. Train	8:55 "	Fast Line	2:35 p. m.
Day Express	1:40 p. m.	Columbia Ac.	2:45 "
Harrisb'g Ac.	5:54 "	Harrisb'g Ac.	5:54 "
Southern Ex.	4:00 "	Lanc. Train	7:20 "
		Cincin. Ex.	10:38 "

READING RAILROAD.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT,
MONDAY, APRIL 26, 1869.

Great Trunk Line from the North and Northwest for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Ashland, Shamokin, Lebanon, Allentown, Easton, Ephrata, Litiz, Lancaster, Columbia, &c.

Trains leave Harrisburg for New York as follows: At 2.35, 5.20, 8.10 a. m., 12.25 noon, 2.00 and 10.55 p. m., connecting with similar trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and arriving at New York at 9.45 a. m., 11.45 a. m., 3.50, 6.45, 9.30 p. m., and 6.00 a. m. respectively. Sleeping Cars accompany the 2.35, 5.20 a. m. and 10.55 p. m. trains without change.

Leave Harrisburg for Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Minersville, Ashland, Shamokin, Pine Grove, Allentown and Philadelphia, at 8.10 a. m., 2.00 and 4.10 p. m., stopping at Lebanon and principal Way Stations; the 4.10 p. m. train making connections for Philadelphia, Pottsville and Columbia only. For Pottsville, Schuylkill Haven and Auburn, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad, leave Harrisburg at 3.30 p. m.

Returning: Leave New York at 9.00 a. m., 12.00 noon, 5.05 and 8.00 p. m., Philadelphia at 8.15 a. m. and 3.30 p. m.; sleeping cars accompany the 9.00 a. m., 5.05 and 8.00 p. m. trains from New York, without change.

Way Passenger Train leaves Philadelphia at 7.30 a. m., connecting with similar train on East Penna. Railroad, returning from Reading at 6.30 p. m., stopping at all stations; leave Pottsville at 7.30, 8.45 a. m., and 2.45 p. m.; Shamokin at 5.25 and 10.35 a. m.; Ashland at 7.00 a. m., and 12.30 noon, Tamaqua at 8.30 a. m.; and 2.20 p. m., for Philadelphia and New York.

Leave Pottsville, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad at 7.00 a. m. for Harrisburg, and 11.30 a. m. for Pine Grove and Tremont.

Reading Accommodation Train: Leaves Reading at 7.30 a. m., returning leaves Philadelphia at 5.15 p. m.

Pottstown Accommodation Train: Leaves Pottstown at 6.25 a. m.; returning, leaves Philadelphia at 4.30 p. m.

Columbia Railroad Trains leave Reading at 7.00 a. m. and 6.15 p. m. for Ephrata, Litiz, Lancaster, Columbia, &c.

Perkiomen Railroad Trains leave Perkiomen Junction at 9.00 a. m. and 6.00 p. m.; returning, leave Skippack at 8.15 a. m. and 1.00 p. m., connecting with similar trains on Reading Railroad.

On Sundays: Leave New York at 8.00 p. m., Philadelphia at 8.00 a. m. and 3.15 p. m., the 8.00 a. m. train running only to Reading; Pottsville 8.00 a. m.; Harrisburg 5.20 a. m., 4.10 and 10.55 p. m.; and Reading at 12.55, midnight, 2.54 and 7.15 a. m. For Harrisburg, at 12.55 midnight, and 7.05 a. m. for New York; and at 9.40 a. m. and 4.25 p. m. for Philadelphia.

Commutation, Mileage, Season, School and Excursion Tickets, to and from all points, at reduced rates.

Baggage checked through; 100 pounds allowed each Passenger.

G. A. NICOLLS,
General Superintendent.
READING, PA., April 26, 1868. [april 30-1td&w

READING AND COLUMBIA R. R.
ON AND AFTER
THURSDAY, APRIL 15th, 1869,
PASSENGER TRAINS WILL BE RUN ON THIS ROAD, AS FOLLOWS:

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Lancaster	8:05 a. m.	Reading	10:20 a. m.
"	3:10 p. m.	"	5:30 p. m
Columbia	8:00 a. m.	"	10:20 a. m.
"	3:00 p. m.	"	5:30 p. m.

RETURNING:

LEAVE.		ARRIVE.	
Reading	7:00 a. m.	Lancaster	9:15 a. m.
"	6:15 p. m.	"	8:25 p. m.
"	7:00 a. m.	Columbia	9:25 a. m.
"	6:15 p. m.	"	8:30 p. m.

Trains leaving Lancaster and Columbia as above, make close connection at Reading with Trains North and South; on Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, and West on Lebanon Valley Road. Train leaving Lancaster at 8:05 A. M. and Columbia at 8 A. M. connects closely at Reading with Train for New York.

Tickets can be obtained at the Offices of the New Jersey Central Railroad, foot of Liberty street, New York; and Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, 18th and Callowhill streets, Phila.

Through tickets to New York and Philadelphia sold at all the Principal Stations, and Baggage Checked Through.

☞Mileage Ticket Books for 500 or 1000 miles, Season and Excursion Tickets, to and from all points, at reduced rates.

Trains are run by Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Time, which is 10 minutes faster than Pennsylvania Railroad Time.

apl 16-69-tf] GEO. F. GAGE, Su..

NORTHERN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Trains leave York for Wrightsville and Columbia, at 6:20 and 11:40 a. m., and 3:30 p. m.

Leave Wrightsville for York, at 8:00 a. m. and 1:00 and 6:50 p. m.

Leave York for Baltimore, at 5:00 and 7:00 a. m., 1:05 p. m.; and 12 midnight.

Leave York for Harrisburg, at 1:39, 6:25 and 8. m., and 2:39 and 10:15 p. m.

TRAINS LEAVE HARRISBURG.
GOING NORTH.
At 3:25 a. m., and 1:20 and 4:20 p. m.
GOING SOUTH.
At 3:45 and 5:25 a. m., and 12:30 and 10:45 p
dec11-tfd

Musical Instruments, &c.

J. B. KEVINSKI,
DEALER IN
SHEET MUSIC, PIANOS, ORGANS, MELODEONS,
And Musical Instruments Generally.
Sole Agent for
STEINWAY & SONS'
WORLD RENOWNED PIANOS.
Also, Agent for
PRINCE & CO.'S ORGANS and MELODEONS.
☞Music sent by Mail Free of Postage.
No. 3 NORTH PRINCE STREET,
Lancaster, Pa.

GOOK AMOHL DOH!
Rooft aw im
J. B. KEVINSKI SEIM MUSIC SHTORE.

KLOFFEERA, ORYELLA, MELODEONS, un alle sorta music Inshtruments!

Der Kevinski is agent for de bereemty Steinwehr Pianos—Kloffeera heast mer se uf deitsh. Der platz is

No. 3 NORD PRINCE STREET, LANCASTER.

N. B. For a first raty gooty Geig, odder an Accordeon, odder a Tawerrick-Peif, odder ennich anners musical Inshtrument, klea odder gross, shtept yuaht ni ons Kevinski's, No. 3 Nord Prince Shtrose, Lancaster. [no20-1y

Claim Agency.

JAMES BLACK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
MILITARY AND NAVAL CLAIM AGENT,
No. 56 East King-st., Lancaster, Pa.

Being duly licensed as a Claim Agent, and having a large experience, prompt attention will be given to the following classes of claims.

BOUNTY and PAY due discharged Soldiers and Sailors.

BOUNTY (additional) to Soldiers who enlisted for not less than 2 or 3 years, or were honorably discharged for wounds received.

BOUNTY (additional) to Widows, Children, or Parents of Soldiers who died from wounds received or disease contracted in said service.

PENSIONS for invalid Soldiers and Sailors, or to their widows or children.

PENSIONS for fathers and mothers, brothers or sisters of deceased soldiers, upon whom they were dependent.

PENSIONS and GRATUITIES for Soldiers or their Widows from Pennsylvania, in the War of 1812.

PAY due Teamsters, Artificers and Civil employees of the Government.

PAY due for horses lost in the United States service.

CHARGES.—Fees fair and moderate, and in no case will charges be made until the money is collected. [dec 25-1yr*

Insurance.

THE OLD PENN MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF PHILADELPHIA.

ACCUMULATED CAPITAL, $2,000,000,
After paying Losses to the amount of $1,120,000.

CHARTER PERPETUAL.

All the Surplus Dividend amongst the Policy Holders every year.

THE ONLY TRULY MUTUAL COMPANY IN THE CITY OR STATE.

For further information apply to
JOHN J. COCHRAN, Agent,
From "Father Abraham" Office,
no20-tf] Lancaster, Pa.

WORLD MUTUAL LIFE INS. CO.
OF
NEW YORK,
NO. 160 BROADWAY.
J. F. FRUEAUFF, General Agent for Penn'a.
NORTH QUEEN STREET,
(Above J. F. Long & Son's Drug Store.)

This Company offers more SOLID and REAL inducements than any other Life Insurance Company in the country.

Send or call and get a Circular.

Active solicitors, male or female, wanted in every township in the State. [jan 1-6m*

Dentistry.

LANCASTER, June 25th, 1868.

EDITORS EXPRESS: Dr. Wm. M. Whiteside, the enterprising Dentist, has purchased from me a large stock of teeth and all the fixtures, the instruments formerly belonging to me, and also those used by my father, Dr. Parry, in his practice. In the purchase, the doctor has provided himself with some of the most valuable and expensive instruments used in dental practice, and has beyond doubt one of the best and largest collections of teeth and instruments in the State. Persons visiting the commodious offices of Dr. Whiteside, cannot fail to be fully accommodated. The Doctor loses no opportunity of furnishing himself with every late scientific improvement in his line of business.

H. B. PARRY.

W. M. WHITESIDE,
DENTIST.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,
EAST KING STREET,
Next door to the Court House, over Fahnestock's Dry Goods Store,
LANCASTER, PENNA.

Teeth Extracted without pain by the use of (Nitrous Oxide) Gas.

no20-tf]

Banking.

DAVID BAIR. H. W. SHENK.

BAIR & SHENK,
BANKERS,
NORTHEAST ANGLE OF CENTRE SQUARE,
LANCASTER, PENNA.
no20-1y]

MECHANICS' BANK,
NO. 36 NORTH QUEEN STREET,
(INQUIRER BUILDING,)
Deals in
UNITED STATES BONDS, STOCKS, GOLD, SILVER, AND COUPONS.

Drafts given on all the principal Cities.

Collections made promptly.

Interest paid on Deposits.

JOHN M. STEHMAN, SAMUEL SLOKOM,
JOSEPH CLARKSON.

Bankers as
STEHMAN, CLARKSON & CO.
mh20-6m

House Furnishing Goods.

Poetry.

DRESSING FOR CHURCH.

Has anybody heard the bell?
You have!—dear me; I know full well
I'll never dress in time—
For mercy's sake, come help me, Luce,
I'll make my toilet very spruce,
This silk is quite sublime!

Here, lace this gaiter for me—do;
"A hole!" you say? plague take the shoe,
Please, Lucie, try and hide it;
Just think, it's Sunday, and my soul,
I cannot wear it with a hole!
The men will surely spy it.

They're always peeping at our feet,
(Though to be sure they needn't peep,
The way we wear our dresses!)
I'll disappoint them, though, to-day,
"And cross myself," pray did you say?
"Don't laugh at my distresses!"

Now, Luce, pray feel my waterfall,
Do you think it large? ain't it too small?
What bother these things give!
My rats and mice, do they sit straight?
Please hurry, Luce; I know I'm late—
There's Willie! as I live.

"How shall I say my prayers to-day?"
As if girls went to church to pray!
How can you be so foolish?"
Here, damp this ribbon in cologne;
"What for?" to paint, you silly one!
Now, Lucie, don't be mulish.

Now, then, my hat—for be abhors
This thing—it's big as all out doors—
The frightful sugar scoop!
Thank Heaven, my cloak is handsome, though.
(Straighten this horrid hoop.)

Thank you, my dear, now I am dressed;
The saints be praised! the day of rest
Comes only once in seven;
For if on all the other six
This trouble I should have to fix,
I'd never get to Heaven.

Miscellaneous.

[From Ballou's Magazine.]

MY RAILWAY COMPANION.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

CONCLUDED.

After awhile we came to a stopping place. The curly haired fellow put his shawl over the back of the seat to keep his place for him, and went out. Quick as thought I piled the boxes into Mrs. Poodle's lap, stepped over her, and took the seat the young man just vacated.

Mrs. Graves looked up at me in evident surprise. She removed her veil now, and I was astonished to see how pretty she was. I had expected she was elderly, and this lady could not be more than twenty-five, I thought. I was thirty. I had long before decided that she was a widow—probably that was what her dress was trimmed in black for.

I honored her now with a good look. Her hair was a rich golden brown, and gathered in a net behind, which strayed a few careless ringlets; none of your detestable water falls, composed of black yarn, and dirty horse hair. She had a clear complexion, with a dash of crimson in the cheeks, brown eyes, and a mouth that—well I was an old bachelor then, and did not believe in women; but I did think I wouldn't mind touching those red lips with my own, just to see how it would seem; for in all my life, I had never kissed any woman but my mother—if I except aunt Peggy, who had the catarrh and took snuff.

Before many moments elapsed, the curly haired young man returned, and looked daggers and butcher knives at me.

"This is my seat, sir," said he, with an air of authority.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said I. "This lady is under my charge, and I claim the right to sit with her."

"Under your charge!" said he, with a look of surprise. "Then why the deuce didn't you sit with her before?"

"I—I—thought she would be more comfortable with the seat to herself," said I. "I am sorry to disturb you, sir, but you can take the seat I have just left." And I pointed with my thumb over my shoulder, to the seat occupied by Mrs. Poodle.

"Thank you for the suggestion," said the young man, "but I prefer the smoking car." Which proved him to be a very sensible fellow after all.

Well, it wasn't half so bad as it might have been to sit beside my traveling companion. She did not smell so much of musk, and she had no bundles, poodles, nor bandboxes. The wind came in at the crack of the window, and I fixed a shawl to keep it out, and somehow I touched her hand. What a thrill went through me! It was like taking a shock from a galvanic battery, only rather pleasanter.

Pretty soon we fell to talking. I do not remember what we commenced about, but I recollect distinctly that I was surprised to find how sensible she was. It was a little curious to me where a woman ever managed to pick up so many ideas; and it was still more curious how she knew just what to say and where to say it.

To cut a long matter short, we had an exceedingly pleasant day of it; and when night came, Mrs. Graves went off to sleep with her head on my coat, and a shawl piled up against the side of the car. But by and by I fell to thinking that the road was so rough and the cars jolted so, that she would not rest well, and then I wondered how I could fix her better.

The lights had burned very dim—evidently kerosene was scarce—and the passengers were all asleep, and snoring as people never snore anywhere except in a railway car, and—well, you see I pitied her poor head, bobbing around so with every jolt, and I just drew it down to my shoulder and put my arm around her to keep her in place. I hope no one will be unkind enough to blame me for so doing: it was all the result of my naturally kind heart, you know.

You ask me how I felt? Why, as if I had swallowed a couple of rainbows washed down with cologne and otto of roses. Probably I was not quite in my right mind with the novelty of the sensation, and that was what made me kiss her; and after the first kiss, somehow there didn't seem to be any stopping place. But then I had never had practice, and I wanted to perfect myself, you know.

I did not sleep any that night, it seemed as if I ought not to sleep; somebody might have picked my pockets, or there might have been a collision, or something might have happened, and so I had to kiss Mrs. Graves now and then to keep me awake.

Next morning she awakened as fresh and rosy as a pink just blossomed. She asked me if I had rested well, and I told her yes, delightfully. How pretty and refreshed she looked. Not gray and stupid and red eyed as everybody else did, but just as bright as if she had slept in her own bed at home.

I don't believe that any of us begin to realize how much of our good looks is due to a judicious use of soap and water, and a fine comb, but a few days and nights travel on a railway will wake us up to an understanding of it; for if any one has beauty enough to make them look decent after a night's rest in a railway car, then they never need be afraid that time will destroy their beauty; for what a night under the circumstances mentioned can't do, time can't do either.

By and by we came to a refreshment stopping place, and there we all washed our faces and got something to eat. And such a cup of coffee as I had! It was nectar! *She* sweetened it for me, which is the only reason I know of for its superiority.

Ah! well, that was a delightful journey, but I must not be too lengthy in describing it.

A little while before we would reach Chicago, Mrs. Graves turned to me and said:

"Mr. Sanford, I cannot express the gratitude I feel toward you for your kindness. I am afraid I have given you a great deal of trouble—"

"Trouble!" interrupted I. "Whatever I have done has been a pleasure."

"You are very gallant to say so; but I know what a nuisance you consider all women, and—"

"Not such women as you," said I, cursing the luck that had revealed my predilection to her, and making a vow that when I saw Tom Jasher, I would blow him up for telling her.

"Thank you." And she laughed in a way perfectly bewitching. "You are very good; and now that our journey is almost at an end, perhaps you had better give me my checks. Charles will be at the depot to meet me, and he will relieve you from the trouble of seeing after my luggage. Dear old fellow! how delighted I shall be to see him. Only think! I have been absent from him four long months!"

Charles!

My heart seemed bursting the moment she spoke that name with such longing accents of fondness.

Charles! how I despised that cognomen! I heard of a man once named Charles who was hung. Mentally I wished this Charles could speedily meet the fate of his namesake.

And I had supposed she was a widow. Jasher said she was going to join her family. Well, who should her family be but her husband and children?

Good heavens! and there was no denying it; I had fallen in love with her. I might as well own it first as well as last. I ought to have known that if she had been a widow she would not have worn that rose on her hat; but then women are up to all sorts of dodges about dress. And here I had been hugging her, and kissing her—and she another man's wife! And I was angry enough with this abominable Charles to wring his neck; and so full of pain and despair that I could have swallowed a teacupful of laudanum with pleasure.

Evidently she thought I did not hear her request, for directly she repeated it, and I gave her the little bits of brass with a deep sigh which I could not smother.

"You do not look well, Mr. Sanford," said she, kindly. "I fear the journey has not been pleasant to you."

"I am perfectly well, thank you."

I growled and took out a newspaper and pretended to read the rest of the way. I caught her looking at me out of the corner of her eye in a half amused sort of way, but I flatter myself I had managed to conceal from her the state of my feelings.

"Chicago," bawled the conductor.

I assisted my fair companion to alight, and hardly had her feet touched the platform before a tall, fair man, with reddish whiskers, had her in his arms, and they were kissing each other as if they were used to it.

"Dear Charles," said she, pressing closely to his side, I am so glad to see you. This is Mr. Sanford, who has been very kind to me all the way, Mr. Jasher's friend.

I bowed, and felt myself very much *de trop*.

"Good morning!" said I stiffly, and was walking away. She touched my arm, and I turned around and faced her. Her cheeks were very red, and her eyes were bright as diamonds, and the dear little crimson mouth I had kissed so many times, was puckered up into its most persuasive smile as she said:

"Please call at No. 47 S—— street, and see us, won't you?"

I thanked her and signified that I would do so; but I had no more idea of it than I had of calling at No. 47 S—— street in the moon.

I went to a hotel, ordered a room, and flung myself on the bed, as much cut up generally as any hero of a fine novel whose heart is broken; and I ought to have been seeing after my business.

After a while I arose, and put on a clean collar and washed the cinders out of my eyes. I felt a little better, but could not be contented to sit down and think; I wanted excitement of some kind. I thought I would go to the theatre. I looked in a daily, and saw that there was to be a concert in a hall near by. I went there, and the first face I saw after entering the room was her's.

And sitting beside her was that execrable Charles, and on the other side of him a young lady, who was pretty, I suppose, but I did not notice her much then. I had no eyes for any body or anything, save Mrs. Graves.

The music was applauded vociferously, but I do not know to this day whether it was Yankee Doodle or Old Hundred.

She was dressed in crimson, with a white [illegible] opera cape over her shoulders, and the daintiest little pink hood that you ever saw on her head. It looked like a wreath of foam with the sun shining on it.

Suddenly there was a cry of fire! There generally is, if ever you've noticed, when a building gets full of people who are enjoying themselves. It is not often that there really is any fire; but every body thinks there is, and in the rush for safety any quantity of bones are broken, and the bone-setters get lots of jobs. It has long been my opinion that the people who raise the cry of fire at such places are hired by the surgeons, so that they may get a few extra jobs.

At that ominous cry, every person in the room sprang up, and the scene which ensued baffles description. The strong bore down the weak—women and children were trodden under foot, and no mercy shown to any one. Each one was bent on saving his own life.

I fought my way through the crowd till I reached her side. Pale and terrified, she clung to the arm of Charles; and he had his arm, I noticed, around the waist of the other woman. I took Mrs. Graves' hand and drew her toward me. She gave a little glad cry at the sight of me. Then I put my arm around her and my face close down to hers.

"Will you trust yourself with me?" I asked.

"Oh! yes," she said eagerly. "It is all Charles can do to take care of Minnie."

I carried her out of a side door in a wide corridor opening upon a back piazza, and where no one had thought of seeking egress. By this time I knew there was no fire, and I had been sure of this from the first; but the crush of the crowd, frantic, half-crazed as they were, was frightful, and it was indeed a relief to get out of it. The lady was terrified, and clung to me in a way perfectly delightful; and I put both arms around her, entirely forgetting she had a Charles.

"I wish I knew if they were safe," said she.

"Who?" said I.

"Charles and Minnie."

I dropped my arms. "Probably your husband is safe enough," said I, feeling as if some one had struck me suddenly blind.

"My husband? I hope he is," said she, in an amused tone, "but I do not know who he is yet."

"Not know?" cried I, eagerly. "Is it possible? My dear Mrs. Graves, tell me the truth! Who is this Charles?"

"*He is my brother. It was his wife with him.*"

"My darling!" I exclaimed getting her into my arms and stopping all further explanations in a way which is familiar to all lovers, I suppose. "And now tell me if I may not hope?"

She did not tell me, but I took her silence for consent.

"My little darling, I love you! And please tell me your first name, dear. I cannot very well call you by your last one now. Mrs. Graves is so formal."

"My name is not Graves," said she, archly.

"Oh! then it was Gains?"

"Neither. I suppose Mr. Jasher's introduction was too much hurried for him to be very particular.

"Then what is your name?"

"Gray!"

"And the Christian name?"

"Fanny!"

A light broke over me.

"Fanny Gray? Good gracious! you don't pretend to say——"

"Yes I do," said she nestling a little closer to me. "Dear old Fred, don't be overwhelmed by it, and please don't think I planned it to win back the love of long ago."

"Fanny, tell me, if I should say to you just what I said to you so many years ago in the lake pasture—"

"With your knees two inches *deep* in mud," interrupted she, laughingly.

"Don't tease me, dearest. If I should say over what I then said, what would you say?"

"I loved you then, Fred, in my girlish way; but I was a bit of a coquette, and I did like to torment you. You were such a jealous boy, Fred."

"Well am I to have your love now?"

She put her soft hand against my cheek.

"I suppose so. It has always been yours. Many a time my heart has ached for your love and tenderness?"

"Did Jasper plan this joureny?" I asked, after a silence very delightful to us both.

"I was coming West—and—and I think he did have something to do with it. He said you were such a cross old bachelor—"

"Dear old Tom!" cried I. "I'll give him the best pair of horses I can find in the city the moment I get back." Tom's especial weakness was horses. "And I was so jealous of Charles!"

"I know it, dear. I saw you reading your newspaper upside down for the last ten miles of our journey. May I ask if it was entertaining?"

"I did not read a word. Fanny, when I go back to New York, you go with me. Do you understand me?"

"Let us go home now," said she. "I am anxious about Charles and Minnie."

So we went home as she called it; and Charles and Minnie were already there, and laughed at our story, for I insisted on telling it to them; and then, like reasonable people, they went off up stairs and left the parlor to Fanny and I.

I suppose you can guess at the *finale*. When I went back to New York, Mrs. Sanford accompanied me; and Tom Jasher was as jubilant over us as a cat over a mouse just caught.

[illegible] that journey to Chicago was the loveliest occurrence of all my life. And it may be proper for me to say, that, during the whole thirteen years of our separation, Fanny Gray and I had never met; so you will understand why it was that I did not recognize her.

THE AUTHORS.

While the congregation were collected at church, on a certain occasion, an old, dark-featured, skin-and-bone individual was seen wending his way up the aisle, and took his seat near the pulpit. The officiating minister was one of that class who detested written sermons, and as for prayers, he thought they ought to be natural outpourings of the heart. After singing was concluded, they were, as usual, called to prayer. The genius we have introduced did not kneel, but leaned his head devotionally upon his pew. The minister began by saying:

"Father of all, in every age, by saint and savage adored—"

"Pope!" said a low but clear voice near old hard-features.

The minister, after casting an indignant glance in the direction of the voice, continued:

"Whose throne sitteth on the adamantine hills of Paradise—"

"Milton!" again interrupted the voice.

The minister's lips quivered for a moment, but recovering himself, he began:

"We thank Thee, most gracious Father, that we are permitted once more to assemble in Thy name, while others, equally meritorious, but less favored, have been carried beyond that bourne from which no traveler returns—"

"Shakspeare!" again interrupted the voice.

This was too much. "Put that impudent rascal out," shouted the minister.

"Original," ejaculated the voice, in the most calm but provoking manner.

DISORDER.

The man or boy who goes through the streets whooping and haw-hawing is certainly a fit representative of nonsense. And when that man or boy goes to any place of public interest, he is sure to be not only a nonsense, but a public nuisance. When he goes to church, he crowds himself into the hindmost seat, and keeps eating peanuts or chewing tobacco, and commits sundry other acts of decorum. If he goes to a place of amusement, he whistles, clacks, stamps, hoots, bellows, bawls, laughs and screams, worse than any other idiot would, with only half the pretensions to common sense. When you see such a man, spot him. He is either a pickpocket or a fool; a sot or a vagabond; a villain or a maniac. When you see such a boy, put him down as a candidate for promotion, or rather degradation (for we believe the scale descends) to any sordid vocation, which is sordid enough to meet the wants of his depraved tastes.

PROUD.

The proudest man we have met for many a day is an old friend who has lately been made a grandfather. Somehow there is a beautiful sympathy between age and youth. When the tug of life is past, and the years begin to bear one down towards the narrow valley, childhood seems to come back with its sweet simplicity and its artless affection. Extremes meet. The child and the old man are playmates. The second generation appears in time to bless the declining years of the grandfather, and bring him under the genial influences which befit that period of life. Beautiful arrangement of Providence!

—There is wisdom as well as wit in some of Josh Billings sayings, the following for instance: The art ov becoming ov importance in the eyes of others iz not to overrate ourself, but tew cause them tew do it. Flattery iz like Kolone water, tew be smelt ov, not swallowed. Living on hope is like living on wind, a good way to get full, but a poor way to get phatt. Menny people spend their time trieing tew find the hole whare sin got into this world—if two men brake through the ice into a mill pond, they had better hunt for some good hole tew get out, rather than get into a long argument about the hole they cum to fall in.

—Josh Billings says: "There is two things in this life for which we are never prepared, and that is twins."